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Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanics, Arts, News, and General Literature.

J. W. ROBERTS, Editor and Proprietor.

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Pictures of Life.

A Child's Dream of a Star.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal and thought of a number of things. He had a sister who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and power of God, who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another sometimes, "Supposing all the children on earth were to die, would the flowers and the water and the sky be sorry?" They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers and the little playful streams that gambol down the hill-sides, are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks, playing at the hide and seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at the window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good night; and when they were turning round to sleep they would say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young—oh, very, very young—the sister dropped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star he turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and the little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came all too soon! when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves not there before; and when the star made long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed that lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star, and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them was one he knew. The patient face that once had laid upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among the host. His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among them who had brought the people thither—

"Is my brother come?" And he said "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried "Oh, sister, I am here! take me!" and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into his room, making long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as the home he was to go to, when his time should come, and he thought he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed and died.

Again the child dreamed of the open star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel— "Is my brother come?" And he said "not that one, but another."

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son." Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader:—

"Is my brother come?" And he said "Thy mother." A mighty cry of joy went forth thro' all the star, because the mother was reunited to her own children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "O, mother, sister and brother, I am here. Take me." And they answered, "Not yet," and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning grey, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said "Nay, but his maiden daughter." And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is around my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of olden time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!"

And the star was shining. Thus the child came to be an old man, his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing around him, he cried, as he had cried so long ago:—

"I see the star!" And they whispered to one another, "He is dying." And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I moved toward the stars as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining, and it shines upon his grave. From the Richmond Dispatch. A gentleman of this city who has been many years engaged in the prosecution of military claims, fell in accidentally with a case in which both a man and his wife received pensions for revolutionary services. The singularity of the circumstances struck him so forcibly that he instituted an inquiry, and elicited from an old lady the sole surviving descendant, the following facts (We state them substantially, but our informant not being present, it is possible we may be incorrect in some insignificant particulars.)

Early in the Revolutionary war a man named Lane (we think) enlisted in a company raised near Manchester, to serve three years. He went, with his regiment, to the north, and there joined Washington's army. Taking part in all the previous battles, he was severely wounded at Brandywine or Germantown, and during the battle and after, was taken care of by a brother soldier, to whom he had become greatly attached, and who belonged to the same company with himself. The term of service having expired, these two soldiers were discharged, and returned home, devoted and inseparable friends. In the meantime the tide of war rolled to the south, and the couple had scarcely reached their destination, when they again enlisted to serve in Gen. Lincoln's army, at that time engaged in the siege of Savannah. Our readers well know that Lincoln was afterwards cooped up in Charleston, and afterward compelled to surrender, after a long siege, to the Royal forces, under the command of Sir Henry Clinton.

Throughout the siege Lane and his friend stood to their posts like heroes, and did their duty bravely. At last Lane's comrade was wounded in turn, and was carried off the field in the arms of his devoted friend. What must have been the amazement of Lane on discovering that the brave comrade who had so long fought by his side, and had nursed him so tenderly when he was wounded, through the report of the attending surgeon, was a woman! It appears that she had accidentally fallen in with him somewhere, and had formed a strong attachment to him. At the same time, from some cause or other, she had made so little impression upon him that he did not recognize her in the least when he afterwards met her disguised as a soldier. She was in despair when Lane enlisted, and under the influence of that feeling, she fled from her parent's home, donned the Continental uniform, and followed him to the wars. What followed was a proper finale to such a romance. The wounded woman recovered, and as soon as the truce was released from captivity, they became one. They lived many years happily together, and left several children.

Incidents of this nature—disguised damsels following their lovers to the wars in the capacity of pages—were great favorites with all the romance writers. The readers of Shakespeare will recollect that one of his plays turns upon something of the same sort. Nevertheless, we feel assured that the tale we have recorded is true in all its essential particulars. At any rate, both the man and his wife received pensions for services rendered as soldiers, until the days of their deaths, respectively.

Miscellaneous.

Young Ladies and House-Work.

A gentleman, remarkable for his strong good sense, married a very accomplished and fashionable young lady, attracted more by her beauty and accomplishments than by anything else. In this it must be owned that his strong good sense did not seem apparent. His wife, however, proved to be a very excellent companion, and was deeply attached to him, though she still loved company, and spent more time abroad than he actually approved. But as his income was good, and his house furnished with a good supply of domestics, he was not aware of any abridgements of comfort on this account and he therefore made no objection to it.

One day, some few months after his marriage, on coming home to dinner, saw no appearance of his usual meal, but found his wife in great trouble instead. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Nancy went off at ten o'clock this morning," replied his wife, "and the chambermaid knows no more about cooking a dinner than the man in the moon." "Couldn't she have done it under your direction?" inquired her husband very coolly. "Under my direction? I should like to see a dinner cooked under my direction." "Why so?" asked the husband, in surprise. "You certainly do not mean that you cannot cook a dinner." "I certainly do then," replied his wife; "how should I know anything about cooking?" the husband was silent, but his look of astonishment perplexed and worried his wife. "You look very much surprised," she said, after a moment or two had elapsed. "And so I am," he answered; "as much surprised as I should be at finding the captain of one of my ships unacquainted with navigation. Don't know how to cook, and the mistress of a family! Jane, if there is a cooking school anywhere in this city, go to it, and complete your education, it is deficient in a very important particular."

The Secret of Beauty.

We believe that American women are beginning to find out what their European sisters discovered long ago, that no beauty is attractive which has the characteristics of ill health. A pale and drooping flower can never command the admiration which is inspired by a bright and vigorous one. Frailty and delicacy are evanescent charms, and sadder even if they touch the heart. An intelligent American writer says that "the chief preservation of beauty, in any country, is health; and there is no place in which this great interest is so little attended to, as in America. To be sensible of this you must visit Europe. You must see the deep-bosomed maids of England upon the *Place Vendôme*, and the *Rue Castiglione*. There you will see no pinched and mean-looking shoulders, overlooking the plumpness and round sufficiency of a luxuriant tounure; the account is balanced, however gross the amount. As for the French women, a constant attention to the quantity and quality of their food is an article of their faith; and bathing and exercise are as regular as their meals. When children, they play abroad in their gardens; they have their gymnastic exercises in their schools, and their dancing and other social amusements keep up a healthful temperament throughout life. Besides, a young lady here does not put her waist in the incision. Fashion, usually insane, and an enemy to health, has grown sensible of this; she regards a very small waist as a defect, and points to the *Venus de Medicis*, who stands out boldly in the Tuileries, in vindication and testimony of the human shape; and now, among ladies of good breeding, a waist which cannot dispense with tight lacing, is thought not worth the mantua-maker's bill—not worth the squeezing. When I left America, the more a woman looked like an hourglass, like two funnels, or extinguishers converging, the more she was pretty; and the waist in esteem for the cockney curiosity of the town, was one you could pinch between thumb and finger. A French woman's beauty, such as it is, lasts her her lifetime, by the care she takes of it. Her limbs are vigorous, the bosom well developed, her color healthy, and she has a greater moral courage, and is a hundred times better fitted to dash enemy enterprises, than the women of our cities are."

Use of Tobacco.

It has been carefully estimated by physicians that in the United States, 20,000 persons die annually from the use of tobacco. In Germany physicians have calculated that, of all the deaths which occur between the ages of 18 and 28, one half originate in the waste of the constitution by smoking. Tobacco exhausts and debases the nervous powers, and produces a long train of nervous and other diseases, to which the stomach is liable, and especially those forms that go under the name of dyspepsia. It also exerts disastrous influence on the mind. I am personally acquainted with several individuals, now at Lunatic Asylums, whose minds first became impaired by the use of tobacco.

The Secret of Eloquence.

I owe my success in life to one single fact, viz., that at the age of twenty-seven, I commenced and continued for years, the process of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical or scientific book. These off-hand efforts were made sometimes in a cornfield, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice in the great art of all arts that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward, and shaped and moulded my entire subsequent destiny. Improve, then, young gentlemen, the superior advantages you here enjoy.—Let not a day pass without exercising your powers of speech. There is no power like that of an orator. Caesar controlled men by exciting their fears; Cicero, by captivating their affections; and swaying their passions. The influence of the one perished with its author, that of the other continues to this day.—Henry Clay.

DISCOVERY OF LARGE HUMAN SKELETONS.—Back, of Driessbach city, six miles north of La Crosse, sends the following account of the discovery of large human skeletons, to the Winona (Minn.) Republican:

A. L. Jenkins, of this place, in prospecting in one of those mounds that are so common in the Western country, discovered at the depth of five or six feet, the remains of seven or eight people of very large size. One thigh bone measured three feet in length. The under jaw was an inch wider than that of any other man in this city. He also found clam shells, pieces of ivory or bone, rings, pieces of pottery made of earth and coarse sand. There was at the neck of one of these skeletons teeth two inches in length by one-half to three-fourths of an inch in diameter, with bolts drilled in the sides, and the end polished, with a crease around it. Also an arrow, five inches long, by one and a half wide, stuck through the back, near the back-bone; and one about eight inches long, stuck into the left breast. Also the blade of a copper hatchet, 12 inches wide at the edge, and two inches long. This hatchet was found stuck in the skull of the same skeleton. The mound is some two hundred feet above the surface of the Mississippi, and is composed of clay immediately above the remains, two feet thick; then comes a layer of black loam; then another layer of clay six inches thick, all so closely packed that it was with difficulty it could be penetrated. There are some four or five different layers of earth above the remains. There is no such clay found elsewhere in this vicinity.

WHY CHILDREN DIE.—The reason why children die is because they are not taken care of. From the day of their birth they are stuffed with food, choked with physic, sloshed with water, suffocated in hot rooms, steamed in bed clothes. So much for in-door. When permitted to breathe a breath of air once a week in summer, and once or twice during the coldest months, only the nose is permitted to peer into daylight. A little later they are sent out with no clothes at all, as to the parts of the body which most need protection. Bare legs, bare arms, bare necks, girted middles, with an inverted umbrella to collect the air and chill the other parts of the body. A stout, strong man goes out with gloves and overcoat, woolen stockings, and thick, double-soled boots, with cork between and rubbers over. The same day a child of three years old, an infant in flesh and blood, and bone, and constitution, goes out with soles as thin as paper, cotton socks, legs uncovered to the knees, neck bare—an exposure which would disable the nurse, kill the mother in a fortnight, and make the father an invalid for weeks. And why? To harden them to a mode of dress which they are never expected to practice. To accustom them to exposure, which a dozen years later would be considered downright foolery. To rear children thus for the slaughter pen, and then lay it to the Lord, is too bad.—*Journal of Health*.

Escape of Convicts at Jefferson City.

Some two score of the desperados congregated in the Jefferson City Penitentiary, yesterday noon made a simultaneous attack upon the prison gate and actually battered it open. A lively conflict ensued between the prison guards and the escaping prisoners; in which several of the latter were wounded and three were killed. About 20 of the felons temporarily succeeded in making good their escape, but most of them were probably re-captured before nightfall. The mischievous David Harmon appears as a leading spirit, and was probably the ringleader of the enterprise. He and another prisoner attacked Deputy Warden Ritchie and attempted to wrest his pistol from him, but Deputy Ruthven came to his assistance and knocked down and secured Harmon. The pistol went off and wounded Mr. Ritchie but not dangerously. Intense excitement prevailed in and around Jefferson City last evening, and continued to a late hour, consequent upon the unusually formidable outbreak of convicts.—*St. Louis Democrat*.

WE copy the following racy CARD from the Wyandotte Western Argus. It explains itself:

If the Editor of the Leavenworth Herald does not cease his wanton and unprovoked flings at the "dusky sons and daughters of the forest," as he terms them (Leavenworth Herald of the 21st), and he should chance to visit this locality, some of the "dusky daughters" here might compliment this brave with an ablation in the "Big Muddy." He will, then be convinced that if Longfellow was mistaken in supposing them to be "fairies," he was, at least, correct in according to them spirit enough to resent (suitably) insults.

A "DUSKY DAUGHTER."

July 25th, 1860.

THE STORM.—The house of Mr. Reynolds, struck by lightning in South Leavenworth, yesterday, was completely destroyed, with its entire contents, including furniture, bedding, clothing, &c.—Mrs. Reynolds lost a valuable lot of bonnets, worth \$50. At the time the lightning struck the building, she, with the children, were indoors, but as soon as they felt the shock they took flight—thereby escaping without injury. The whole neighborhood was in the wildest state of alarm at the time, and the greatest consternation prevailed. The fire companies that went to the rescue could not propel their engines up the steep embankment in that locality, and were therefore unable to do any service. They deserve praise for the good will they showed. We are pleased to state that no other houses were injured.

COURT DE SO-LIEL.—We learn from the St. Louis papers that no less than thirty-five persons died from sun-stroke on Saturday and Sunday last. When the thermometer tracks 95 in the shade prudent people will keep in the shade without advice from us. It is a fact all should remember, that the sun kills more people than the electric fluid.

SUIT AGAINST THE GREAT EASTERN.—It is said that the Directors of this vessel are to be sued by the Grand Trunk Railroad Company for breach of contract. The agreement to bring the ship to the eastern terminus of the Grand Trunk was specified, as it is said, and on the faith of it the Railway Company made a large outlay for harbor accommodations at Portland. The Council of that city also expended \$60,000, and an immense amount of capital was invested by private citizens.

The citizens of Cleveland are about erecting a statue in honor of Commodore Perry. A correspondent of the Boston Journal says that this splendid work of art is now in an advanced state of completion, and requires but the finishing touch of the sculptor's chisel to prepare it for the imposing ceremony of inauguration on the 10th of September next, a day when Commodore Perry preformed deeds of immortal valor.

The following important information, in relation to the New York Indian lands of this Territory, we clip from the Washington correspondence of the New York Herald:

"The selections for the New York Indians within the New York reservation in Kansas having been made and approved by the Secretary of the Interior, the remainder of the reservation has been turned over to the General Land Office for disposal as other public lands, and proper instructions to that effect have been transmitted to the local officers."

These lands, thus thrown open for public competition, are among the finest in Kansas.

The representatives of the several railroads between Chicago and the seaboard, have agreed to advance the rate of freights gradually after the 15th of August, also to urge upon the different lines carrying passengers between common points to agree to the abolition of all agents, outside officers and payment of commissions.

THE DROUGHT.—This part of Kansas is actually suffering from want of rain. Our farmers inform us that the present season is by far the worst for crops, they ever experienced. Potatoes are almost a total loss—the corn still survives, but looks like the flag end of a famine in Ireland. Garden sauce of every description is a non-entity, and the farmers themselves present a forlorn picture. The cattle are getting very thin; as "ish" Flake would say, "their hides hang across their backbones like a wet dish cloth over a telegraph wire." Something must be done. If it don't rain soon we shall all "kerfummix."—*Junction City Statesman*.

The steamer Connaught, from Galway, the 11th, arrived at St. Johns, N. F., on the 19th inst. The news is generally unimportant. The Prince of Wales embarked on the Hero at Plymouth for Canada, on the 9th inst., and sailed at eight o'clock on the morning of the 10th.

A telegram from Washington of the 30th, states the number of acres of land included in the proclamation of sale in the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska is 7,000,000.

The Senators whose terms expire in 1861, and whose places are to be filled by the next Legislature of their States, are Fitzpatrick of Alabama, Johnson of Arkansas, Gwin of California, Foster of Connecticut, Yule of Florida, Iversen of Georgia, Trumbull of Illinois, Fitch of Indiana, Harlan of Iowa, Crittenden of Kentucky, Slidell of Louisiana, Pearce of Maryland, Greep of Missouri, Clark of New Hampshire, Sawyer of New York, Clingman of North Carolina, Fugh of Ohio, Lane of Oregon, Bigler of Pennsylvania, Hammond of South Carolina, Callamer of Vermont and Durkee of Wisconsin—14 Democrats, 7 Republicans and one American.

DENVER CITY, July 15.

This city was yesterday visited by a severe thunder storm. For one hour rain fell in a perfect sheet, accompanied with hail. The streets were flooded with water, and quite a large amount of goods were damaged which were stored in cellars. So dense was the falling rain that persons could not see across the street. The Metropolitan billiard saloon, was struck by lightning, shattering one corner of the building and stunning several persons. We have enjoyed few showers every afternoon for a week, much to the joy of our gardeners. A large adobe building, with a brick front, on Blake street, in process of erection, fell in during the storm, owing to the walls being undermined by the flood.

A mulatto man named Stark, formerly from Omaha, was shot yesterday by a man named Harrison, but he will probably recover.

The advance division of U. S. troops from Camp Floyd, on their way to Arizona, under command of Col. Morrison, passed through here this morning. The rear division is expected through to-morrow. All are in excellent health.

DROUGHT IN TEXAS.—A recent letter from San Antonio, Texas, states that for one hundred miles around that place, corn will not average one bushel to the acre, and that the cotton crop is likewise almost a total failure. Grass is also dried up, and but few streams running in the country. Corn \$2 per bushel and flour \$12 per barrel.

WILLIAM WALKER AGAIN.—Gen. Wm Walker, it is said, has collected another lot of filibusters, and is about to make a descent upon one of the Bay islands, which have been recently receded by England to the republic of Honduras.

THE U. S. Agricultural Exhibition will be held at Cincinnati from September 12th to the 20th. The premium list amounts to \$20,000. No cattle will be received, on account of Pleuro pneumonia, but large premiums will be offered for horse machinery, steam fire engines, &c.

GARIBOLDI AND KOSUTH.—Two distinguished Hungarian officers of high rank have offered their services, through ex-Gov. Kosuth, to Garibaldi and with the assistance of friends of the cause in Glasgow, leave immediately for the seat of war.—*Glasgow Herald*.

John F. Kinney has been appointed Chief Justice for the Territory of Utah, vice Judge Eckels, resigned.

A disease resembling pleuro-pneumonia, has broken out among the cattle of Guthrie county, Iowa, and several have already died.

The Pacific and Atlantic Telegraph line is now completed to Viralia 280 miles from San Francisco, on the Butterfield route.

The steamship Pennsylvania, of the Philadelphia and Richmond line, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 19th, in the James River near Jamestown. Three children were lost. The fire was caused by spontaneous combustion.

A woman in Detroit, 58 years of age, on the 25th ult., married a youth aged 18. She said he didn't amount to much as a man, but she had more money than she knew what to do with, and wanted somebody to spend it.—*Es*.

The Blue Sulphur Springs, in Greenbrier county, Va., have been purchased for the establishment of a Baptist college, at \$10,000.

Harriet Hosmer, the great Boston sculptress, has a commission from St. Louis gentlemen for a bronze statue of Benton, for which she is to have \$10,000.

The Hon. James B. Bowlin, late United States commissioner to Paraguay, has declared himself in favor of Breckinridge and Lane.—*Evening Dispatch*.

Syria is in a state of civil war, and the Maronites and Druses are killing each other as rapidly as possible.

A New Yorker was stabbed by a Philadelphian with a bowie knife, at the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, on the evening of the 25th.

Samuel C. Paxton, President of the Corn Exchange Bank, died suddenly in New York City, on the 26th, of congestion of the brain.

REMARKS ON THE NEWSPAPER.

It is our firm conviction that, if the readers of the "Newspaper" would only inform themselves in regard to the many advantages which have been found to flow from a thorough mellowing or pulverization of the soil, and if they would give to these numerous advantages due weight and consideration, and then compare this practice to what they may thus have become persuaded of as both true and important, they would in one single year increase their crops and their profits more than a subscription to "The Dollar Newspaper" for ten or even twenty years would cost them. Let them put this prediction to the test, and we are confident they will find it true. They will find also, if they will make an experiment appropriate for the purpose, that a little mellowing and stirring of the soil will produce as much improvement in some crops as a good deal of manuring, and that, for this reason, such tillage operations are as well adapted to produce a mellow and finely divided state of the soil, and may be substituted in the place of manure whenever there is a scarcity of the latter, or any other circumstance seeming to make such a substitute expedient. An experiment which would put this matter to the test, any farmer, or other reader of this paper, might easily make, by setting apart a portion of his garden, or of a field, to be put into corn or some root crop, and then, during the growth of the crop, keep the soil of that portion of the field and garden very fine, loose and mellow by suitable hoeing and stirring, while on some neighboring portion of the garden or field, under the same crop, he should apply a good dressing of some appropriate fertilizer. Such an experiment might be made with scarcely any trouble or expense, and as it would be not only quite interesting, but also instructive, and suggestive of some possible improvements, we hope quite a number of the readers of the "Newspaper" will make such an experiment during the coming season, and report the results at the close thereof. Here is a chance for those who have public spirit enough to make them wish that they might, some way or other, contribute, were it but a small mite, to the increase of agricultural knowledge, and the improvement of agricultural practice. They can do so by trying some such experiment and reporting the results. But the mention of the proposed experiment has led us away from the train of thought which we had in mind when we commenced this present writing. In taking up our pen, it was our main purpose to say that, inasmuch as scanty or poor crops are a very common matter of complaint, and as a great many wish that they had more measure as their command than they make every year on their own farms, there is a source of comfort and consolation for such farmers—both for those who grieve over their small crops and those who would like to have more fertilizing materials to put upon their lands—for all such, we propose to say, there is comfort and consolation in fact, that by thorough tillage—hoeing, stirring, pulverizing and mellowing the soil—as good crops can be raised as by ordinary application of manure or matter.

We proposed also to bring forward some facts in proof and illustration of the beneficial results of keeping the soil in a mellow, loose, and finely pulverized condition, in order to fix and deepen the conviction that the advantages of keeping the soil in this condition are too numerous and too important to be neglected as much as they are in the farming of the great majority.

We were led to undertake this task of endeavoring to produce a deep and operative conviction of the advantages of keeping the soil in a free, loose, porous, finely pulverized condition by the hope that hundreds of the readers of the "Newspaper" might be so far influenced by our proof and illustrative observations, as to lay their plans for the work of the coming season in such a way as to be provided beforehand with the proper implements, and to bring the beneficial operation of thorough stirring of the soil to test, and in such a way as to enable them to avail themselves of the advantages which such thorough tillage usually, if not always, brings with it. One reader of the "Newspaper" has found much advantage in thorough tillage, and he would like to have others have a chance to enjoy the same.

The writer of the Declaration of Independence, was passionately fond of fiddling, and was said to have excelled in playing on that instrument. In 1770 his family mansion was burnt. Mr. Jefferson used to tell with great gloom, an anecdote connected with the fire—He was from home when it occurred, and a slave arrived out of breath to inform his master of the disaster. After learning the general destruction, he inquired:

"But were none of my books saved?"

"No master, but we saved the Bible!" was the reply.

"That's very singular," said a sweet heart on being kissed by her lover.

"Well then, I'll make it plural," replied he.